

At the marriage of Miss Helen Newson Pendleton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Pendleton, of Atlanta, Ga. to Mr. Frederick Van Rensselaer Bronck of Hartford, Conn., which took place Thursday in New York; the bride wore a gown of white chiffon over satin, trimmed with duchesse and Valenciennes lace. Her veil was white with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of white roses.

During the reception after the ceremony, the orchestra played "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" appropriate to the nuptials of a Southern bride and a Northern bridegroom.

"'Hast never seen tumbler-birds before?' asked the elder, a black-browed, swarthy man, as brown and supple as the hazel twig. 'Why shrink, then, at the sight of two?' 'Why shrink, my honey-bird? Why so afraid, my sweet cinnamon?' exclaimed the other, a loose, a loose-jointed lanky youth with a dancing, restless eye. "Truly, sir, it is a new sight to me," the clerk murmured, "when I saw your crest above the bush I could scarce credit my own eyes. Why is it that you do so this thing?" "A dry question to answer," cried the younger, coming back on his feet. "A most husky question, my fair bird! But how? A flask, a flask, my honey-bird, he spoke, and plucking Alleyne's bottle out of his scrip, he deftly knocked the neck off, and poured the half of it down his throat. The rest he handed to his comrade, who drank the *Yick*, and then, to the clerk's increasing amazement, made a dash at the remaining bottle, with such skill that Alleyne began to see

we choose some quiet and sheltered spot where we may break our journey, Here you find us; and we cannot wonder that you find us so, for tumbler-birds are well accustomed, since many great barons, earls, marshals and knights, who have wandered as far as the Holy Land, are of one mind in saying that they have never seen a more noble or gracious performance. If you will be pleased to sit upon that stump, we will now continue our story."

Alleyne sat down willingly as directed, with two great bundles on either side of him which contained the strollers' dresses—doublets of flame-colored silk and girdles of leather, spangled with brass and tin. The jugglers were busy with their hands once more, and the crowd with giddy caps, playing the while a perfect time and tune. It chanced that out of one of the bundles there stuck out the end of what the clerk saw to be a citrion, so, drawing it forth, he turned it up and twanged a harmony to the merry lilt which the dancers played, and putting his hands to the ground,

Alleyne had gone no great distance for all the many small passages that had befallen him. Yet to him, used as he was to a life of such quiet that the failure of a brewing or the altering of an anthem had seemed to be the most important, the quick changing play of the sun and shadows of life was strangely startling and interesting. A gulf seemed to divide this brisk uncertain existence from the old steady round of work and prayer which he had left behind him. The few hours that had passed since he saw the Abbey tower stretch out before him were as significant life as the months that had followed. The growth of his memory until it had outgrown those months was as significant life as the close of his life in the quiet life of the cloister. As he walked and munched the supper bread from his scrip, it seemed strange

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